

SOMETIMES YOU DON'T. SOMETIMES IT'S TRIAL AND ERROR. YOU KNOW, BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, ALL I WANTED TO BE WAS A DOCTOR.

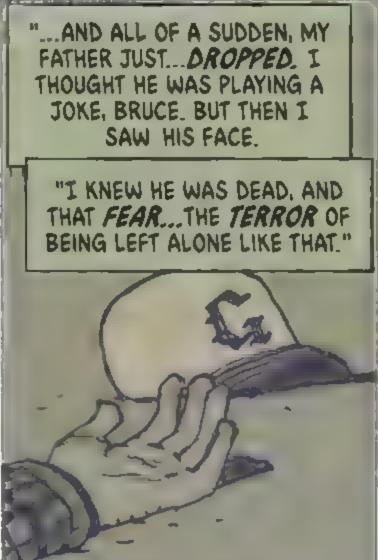
A HEART SURGEON.

SERIOUSLY? WHY?

WHEN I WAS A KID,
MY DAD, YOUR GRANDPA, HE DROVE
THE G39 BUS ROUTE SIX DAYS A WEEK. ON HIS
DAY OFF, THOUGH, THE TWO OF US WOULD GO DOWN TO
AMUSEMENT MILE, WALK OUT ON THE PIER. THERE WAS
A GUY THERE WHO SOLD THESE FROZEN BANANAS DIPPED
IN CHOCOLATE, AND WE'D GET ONE. I LOVED IT.













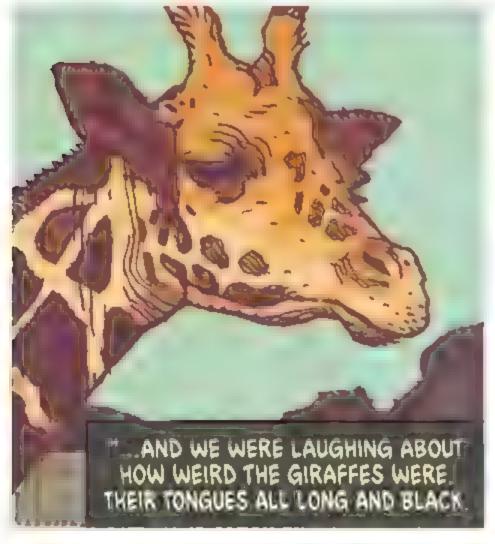




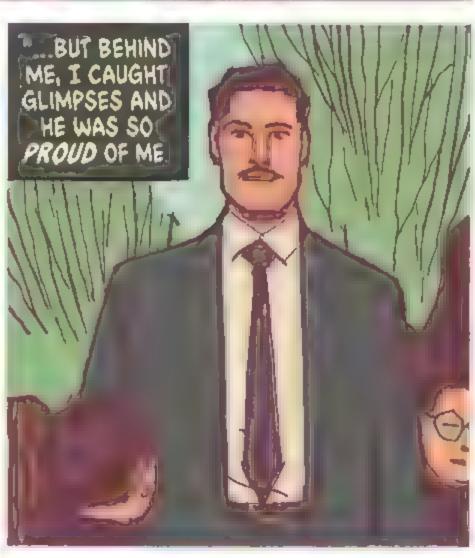












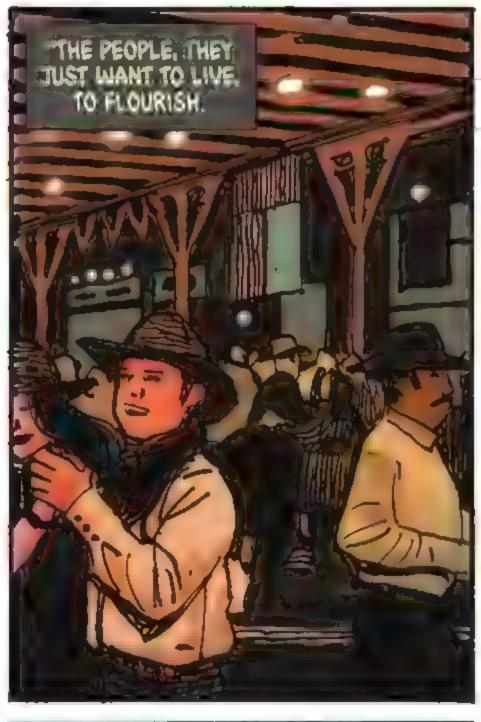


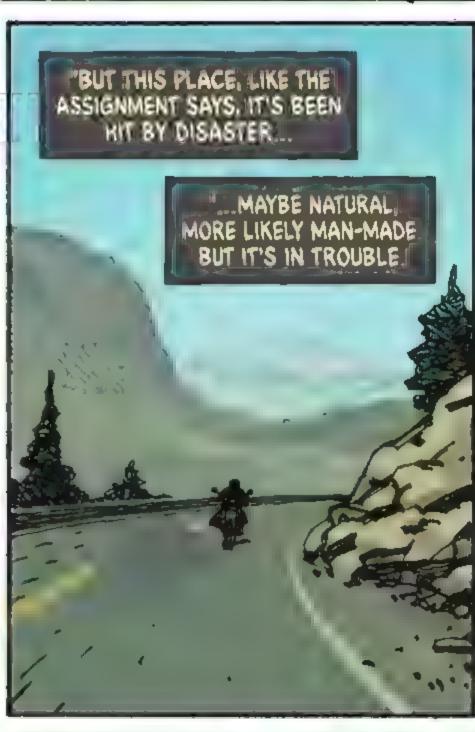








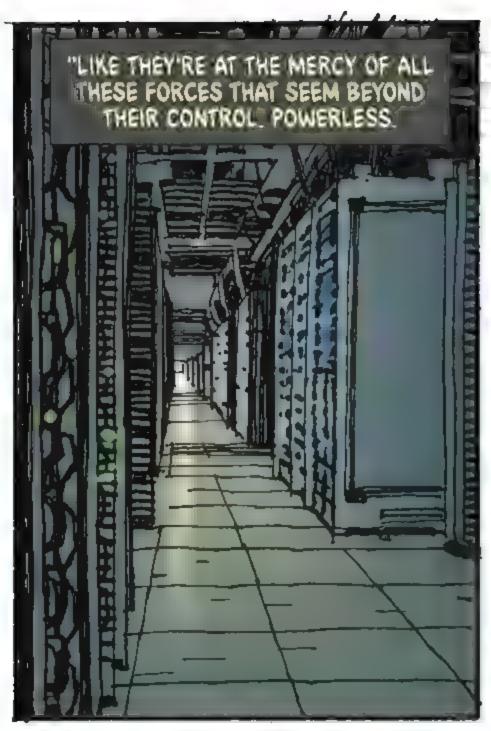










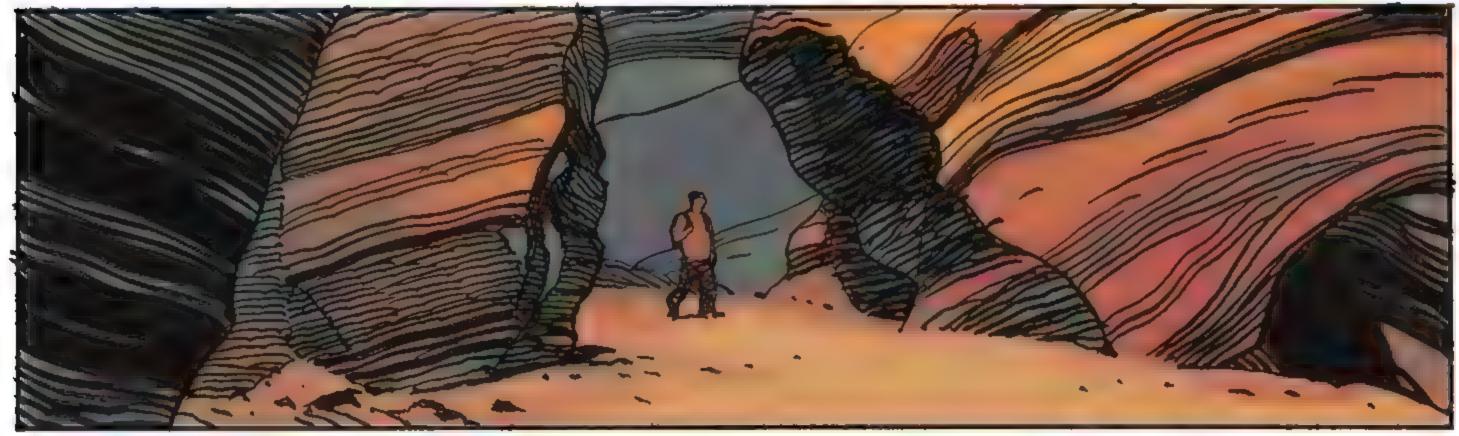










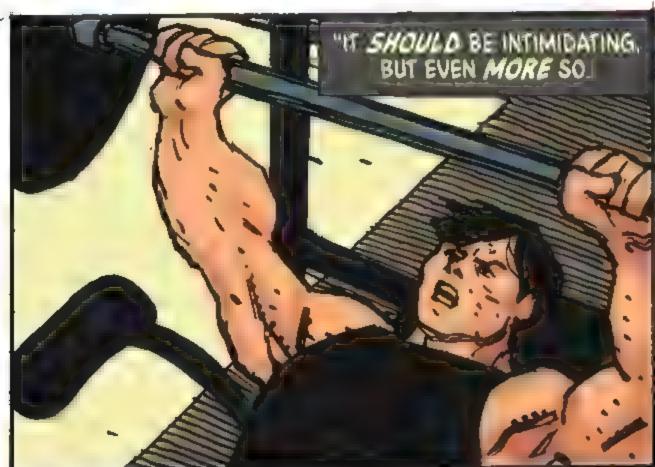














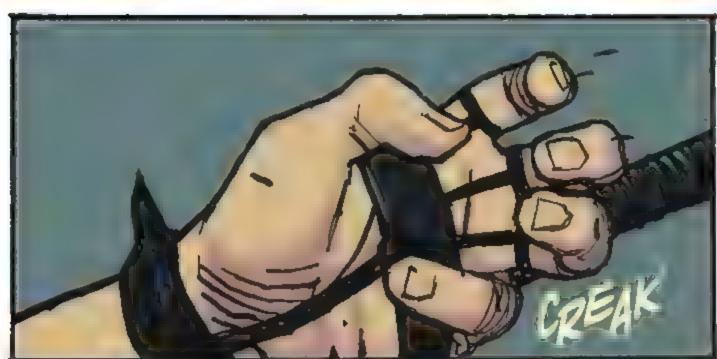










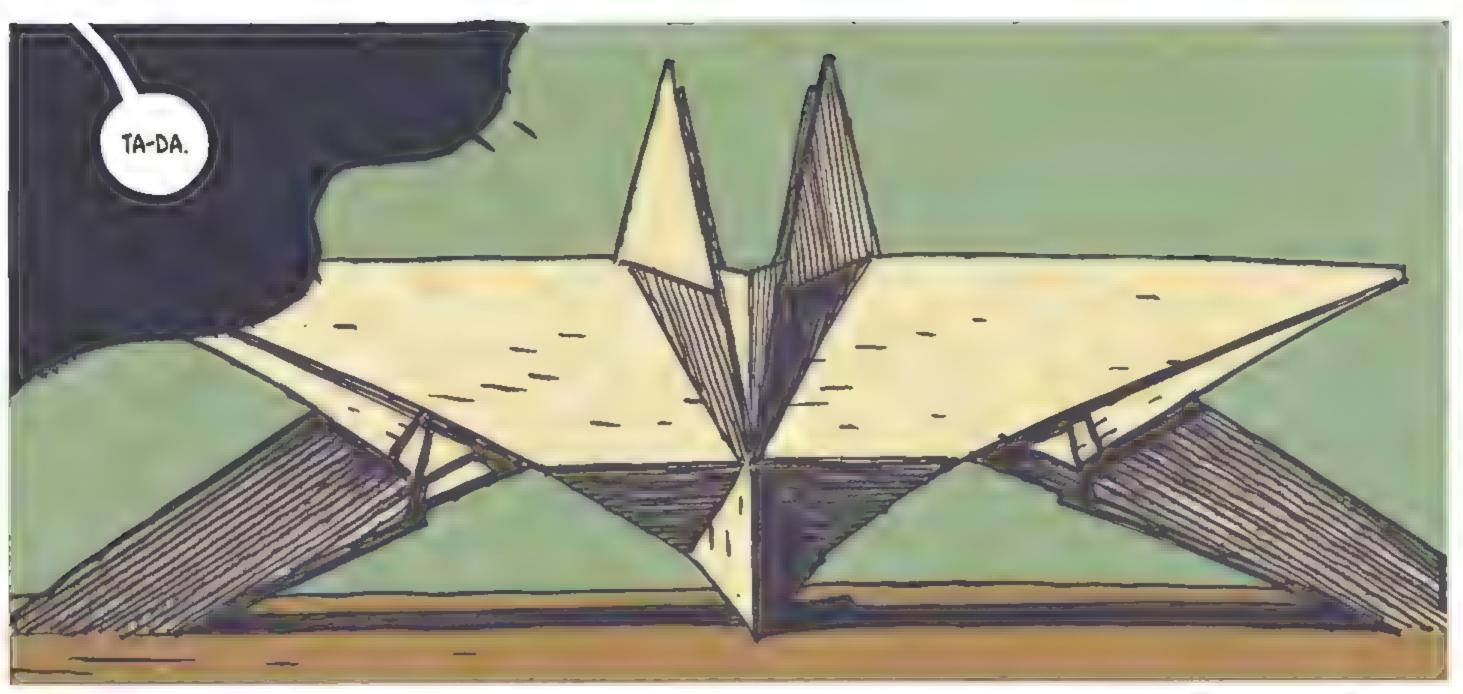
















NEED. THEY DON'T HAVE TO RELY ON THE POWERS THAT BE TO SET IT UP. IT MAKES THE BRIDGE THEIRS. THEY CAN USE IT FOR AID, FOR DEFENSE...





But I hear him lobbying Max Mooney,

head of the G.D.O.T., against tighter

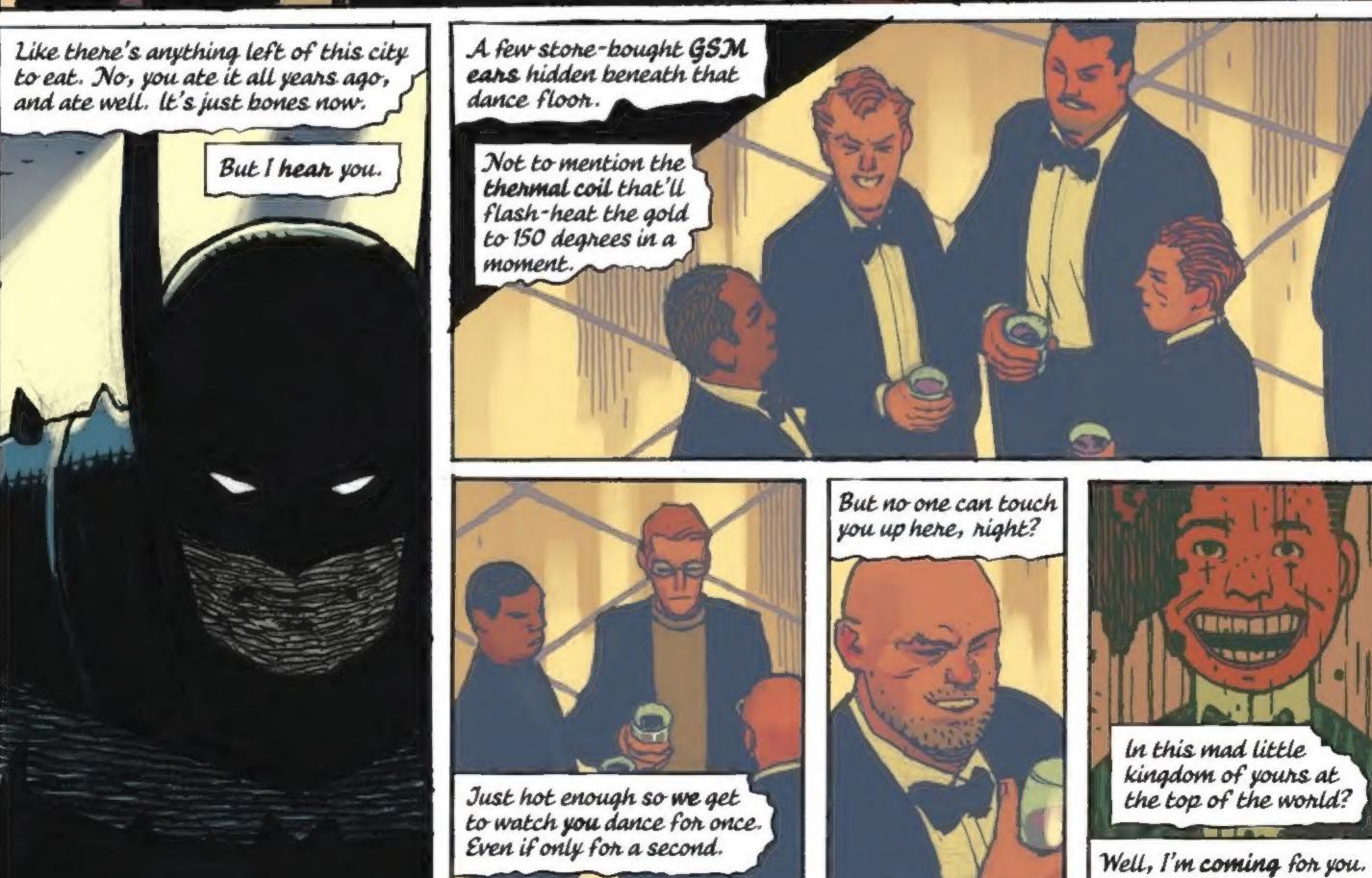
transit laws. Promising money.



It takes everything in my body

and put him in the dancefloor.

not to bust through the skylight



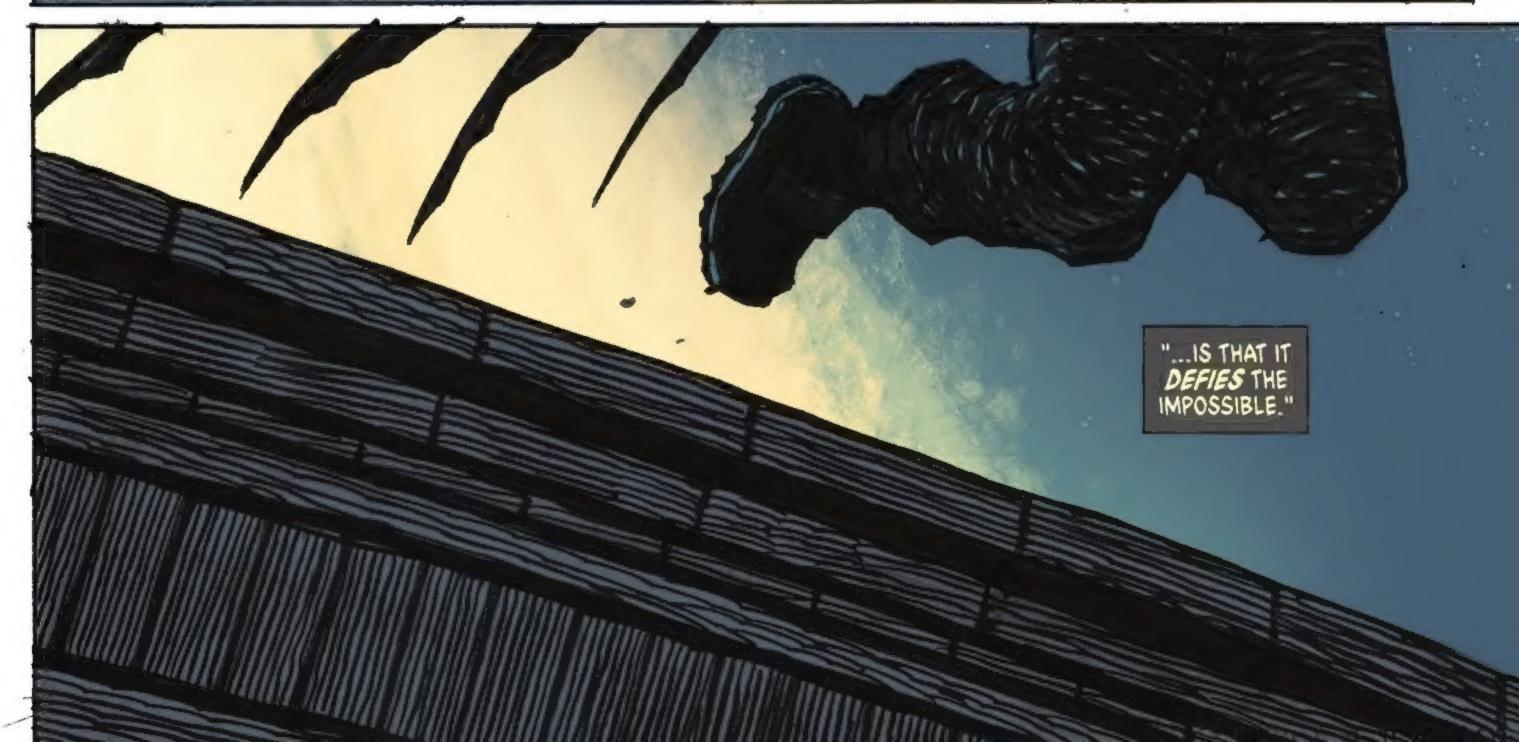














"...GO PLACES
YOU DIDN'T THINK
YOU COULD.

"SO, WHAT DO
YOU THINK?"

"I THINK...
IT'S READY."









